

New Tradition

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Summary: It's that time of the year again: Halloween. A college girl returns home after another day of school to find Michael waiting for her. What could he possibly want? The usual murder? Or something else? This is intended to be porn. Very twisted porn.

New Tradition

She unlocked and opened the front door, the last rays of sunlight of the day flooding into the otherwise dark house, only to disappear as she shut the door behind her. Setting down her college backpack and other belongings, she turned on a couple lights on her way to the kitchen, wanting a small snack before doing anything else, not suspecting that anything was amiss. It was Halloween and she had a party to go to that night. The last thing on her mind was anything sinister. When she turned around from the fridge though, she saw him, having stepped out of his hiding spot, another room of the house she was guessing, causing her to drop her food and beverage to the floor and let out a small scream of shock and fright.

He stood silently, halfway across the room from her, a kitchen knife firmly grasped in one hand, his face completely hidden behind his white mask. How long he had been waiting was unknown to her, as was how he'd gotten inside. It was no mystery to her as to who he was though. Whether you believed in the boogeyman or not, everyone knew the name of Michael Myers. And there he was, standing mere feet away from here, unmoving and unemotional, seemingly staring through her with the black eye holes of his mask.

"Wh-...what do you...want?" she finally managed to stammer out, finding it difficult to move at all herself.

Of course, he didn't answer her. She hadn't expected him to. Speaking to his victims before he murdered them wasn't something Michael Myers was known for, after all. He did finally move though, tilting his head to one side slightly, continuing to stare at her, unnerving her

further. He then took a single step towards her, which was enough to knock her out of her daze and she rushed over to one of the kitchen's drawers, ripping it open and pulling out a knife of her own, holding it close to her body, her hand shaking out of fear. She owned a couple of guns, but she knew she wouldn't be able to get to either of them before he could get to her.

Gulping, she said, "Please don't! If you leave, I won't tell anyone you were here! I swear!"

This only caused him to take more steps towards her and this time, he didn't stop. Before she knew it, he had her cornered, now only inches away from her. She attempted to stab him with her knife, but he easily caught her wrist with his free hand, his large, cold hand gripping it tightly, and he shook it, forcing her to release her knife, which clattered to the floor. With her unarmed, he released her wrist, only to bring his hand to her throat.

She thought that was going to be it. She thought that he was going to choke her and possibly stab her too. It wasn't though. His hand was firm against her throat, wrapped around it, ready to squeeze tighter at any given moment, even forcing her head back slightly, but for the time being, she could still breathe. She was still incredibly afraid, both of him and at the thoughts of what he might have in mind to do to her, tears running from her eyes. Being that close to him, through her tears, she could see the light reflecting off of his eyes, though for the most part, they were still obscured by his mask. His eyes, unblinking, as black as the eye holes of his mask.

Continuing to hold her by her throat, he used the tip of his knife to lift her shirt up, exposing her midsection, the cold, sharp metal brushing her skin. She wasn't sure what he was doing exactly. She kept waiting for the inevitable pain of the knife plunging deep into her flesh though. He lifted her shirt up even further with the knife, eventually exposing her breasts, her bra the only thing that prevented him from fully seeing them. For a moment, he paused with the knife and he stared again. It was impossible to tell what he was staring at exactly, but she was pretty sure she knew, though she didn't know whether it was out of fascination, enjoyment, or some combination of the two.

Suddenly, he pulled his hand away from her throat and, pressing the knife against her midsection, not enough to cut the flesh, but to enough to keep her from trying anything, he used his hand the lift her shirt the rest of way up, over her head and arms, dropping it to the floor next to her knife. He then brought his hand back to her, lightly poking at one of her breasts and then lightly squeezing it, the cold of his hand even penetrating through her bra, making her nipple hard. He stopped squeezing when he realized what her nipple had done, simply holding his hand in place over the hard nub for a moment.

She still felt afraid, but at the same time, his touch had calmed her down somewhat. She couldn't believe that Michael Myers was feeling her up and despite not knowing what his true intentions were, knowing that he could turn violent on her at any second, she was enjoying his touch. He began to try undoing her bra. First, he tugged at it, seeming to think that it would just pop off. Then, he started to feel around at it, tugging at different parts, seeming to search for a way to remove it.

Deciding to try to help him, she asked, "Would you like me to...remove it for you?"

Carefully, slowly, she began to reach behind herself for the bra's clasp. Before she could reach it though, he brought his hand back up to her throat, squeezing a couple times to make sure he had her attention. She immediately brought her hands back to where he could see them, her fear of him back in full force.

Michael Myers was like a wild animal. There was no way to truly communicate with him. If you spoke to him, there was no sure way usually to know whether he heard and understood you or not. If he didn't decide to kill you right away, you had to be careful in how you moved, because he was always poised to strike at the first sign of danger to himself. He knew exactly what he was doing, especially when he had a knife in his hands, and he wasn't afraid to show anyone his talent. He hadn't survived for three decades and gotten away with dozens of murders purely because of luck.

Placing the blade of the knife underneath the part of the bra between her two breasts, he sliced through the cloth with a single jerk of his hand, the bra popping open, allowing her breasts to slip out, hanging in front of him in their fully glory. He once again stared at them, her nipples seeming to stare right back at him. Still holding her throat, he moved his knife to her breasts, which worried her at first, with the thoughts of how could mutilate her breasts with the knife, but he ended up tracing the blade around on them, surprisingly careful to not press too hard so as to not scratch her. He moved the tip around one of her nipples, circling it several times before running it across her nipples, the blade easily going over the hard bump, before doing the same to her other nipple.

Again, she felt her fear of him receding. Again, she was enjoying his touch, or rather, his knife's touch that time. She wasn't sure if he'd ever been with a woman before, in a sexual way, even in a minimal way, such as feeling one up. It seemed unlikely, unless it had also been forced, but given how he seemed to be experimenting, learning what affected her and how, and how he'd been baffled by her bra before, she was leaning towards her probably being his first live woman. In perhaps a rather twisted way, it sort of felt like an honor. How many people did Michael Myers really do anything more with other than stalk and eventually murder?

And that led her to another thought: would he eventually murder her? Was he just going to play with her tits some and then slit her throat? Was he planning on exploring more of her body? She would've never imagined that he even had such thoughts. By all accounts, he was almost always emotionless, especially when it came to his relatives. Both of his sisters, his niece, anyone who was related to him by blood in even the slightest way. Everyone knew the legend that was Michael Myers. The Shape. He'd been shot many times, set on fire, even knocked down into a mineshaft and had dynamite thrown in after him, but he somehow managed to survive each and every time.

She lost her concentration on those thoughts when he unexpectedly released her throat again. This time, he didn't even press the knife against her to replace his hand, though he didn't put down the knife either, keeping it in plain sight. He moved his hand back to her breasts, again squeezing at them. The coldness of his hand touching

her bare flesh caused her to flinch slightly, making him briefly pause and stare, as if daring her to move again, daring her to test him and find out if he'd indeed use his knife on her.

"Sorry!" she quickly said, fighting back more tears.

Her breathing was heavy, but she tried her hardest to not flinch again, wanting to keep him calm and not wanting to send him into a fit of rage, because she knew exactly who he'd take it out on. He pulled at both of her nipples with his fingers, making them hard and pointy. He seemed incredibly fascinated by the fact that they could get hard like they were. If only he knew what else the human body could do when sexually aroused. She couldn't help but wonder if he'd ever gotten a hard on before, if he'd ever beat his meat. She found it hard to believe that Michael Myers of all people could ever see a woman as more than just another victim, but she also found it hard to believe that any man could go that long without ever knowing such pleasure.

Without warning, he brought his knife up to her throat, the blade pressed against it much like it had been against her midsection minutes before. She hadn't even flinched again. Was it really his intention to only play with her tits before murdering her? It almost felt like a tease, a letdown. As much as she hated to admit it even to herself, she was curious to see how he'd react to the rest of her body, specifically her vagina. Did he know that a vagina could get wet? Did he know that in playing with her tits, he'd caused a small wet spot on the front of her panties? Sure, he seemed to know basic human anatomy. If nothing else, he'd undoubtedly learned that from all the people he'd cut up with his knife over the years. Sex was quite different from murder though. He might know the quickest and most efficient way to bleed someone out, but him knowing about something like the g-spot seemed highly unlikely.

Keeping his knife on her throat, he slowly moved his head down to look at her lower body. She tried not to even breathe very hard, afraid that he might view it as a hostile action. Even a slip of his hand holding the knife would equal death for her. At first, he rubbed his hand against her crotch on the outside of her pants, but then he slid his hand down the front of her pants. He paused again when he felt the wet spot on her panties, not looking back up at her, not moving at all. She almost wanted to explain it to him, to tell him that he caused that and that it was a good thing, to help him along, but the knife was more than intimidating enough to keep her quiet.

He began to rub at the wet spot, wriggling his fingers against it as it got wetter. She closed her eyes as he rubbed, her lips tight, trying to not breathe harder, wishing for him to slip his hand down her panties instead. She knew that he was in control though and that he would do what he wanted, no matter what she might say. He did eventually do just what she'd hoped for though, pulling his hand up out of her pants slightly, only to slide it back down into her panties, his cold hand a big contrast to her hot pussy and the juices flowing from it. In his way of learning, he slowly moved his hand around, feeling what was down there, running his fingers along her labia and rubbing at her clit. She couldn't hold out any longer and her lips parted to let out a small moan mixed with a deep breath. This caused him to look back up at her finally, his hand still again, tilting his head slightly, the knife still firmly at her throat.

She wasn't sure if he was annoyed that she made a noise or if he was curious as to why she made a noise, but either way, he soon looked down again, once more feeling around, her juices causing his hand to feel warmer, at least to her. He eventually managed to slip one of his fingers into her wet pussy, though she wasn't sure if it was by mistake or not. At first, he just let it sit there, as if not sure what to do next, but then he started to push his finger in deeper, until his finger was knuckle deep inside of her. She could feel him trying to move his finger around, as if exploring the inside as he'd done the outside. Letting out another small moan, he didn't look up at her that time, more focused on his exploring and possibly realizing why she was moaning.

Removing his hand from her panties, he gripped both them and her pants by the top of the waist before yanking them down in one hard pull and left them down around her ankles. With only that, her shoes, and the tattered remains of her bra still on, she was completely exposed to him. And she liked it, despite the constant threat of the knife. She'd just been felt up and stripped by Michael Myers. To even encounter a mass murderer like him was such a crazy, unreal thing to experience, yet she had experienced it and in a way most would never know. Even though she knew she shouldn't, it kind of made her feel special.

Before she could dwell on what had just happened any further, he used his free hand to push and guide her so that she was sitting on the counter top, her pants and panties slipping completely off of her legs to the floor. Forcing her to spread her legs apart, allowing him full access to her pussy, he reached down to the crotch of his dark jumpsuit, opening it and reaching inside to pull out his hard cock. It was large, making his knife almost seem like a statement of his well-endowment, and it was surprisingly clean. Had he cleaned up, or at least cleaned his cock, just for her? With how her time with him had progressed so far, it didn't seem so farfetched that he had cleaned it because of her. Could he have been watching her before that day, stalking her, choosing her?

Keeping the knife on her, he guided his cock to her pussy, the head easily penetrating her wet slit, spreading it as the shaft disappeared inside of her. She wasn't sure he'd know what to do next, but perhaps in murdering all of those horny teenagers of the years, he'd learned something other than how to end a life, because he began retract his cock, only to thrust it back in, quickly picking up a rhythm, picking up speed with each thrust. Instinctively, she almost wrapped her arms around him. She thought better of it though and instead leaned back slightly, her hands planted on the counter behind her. This caused her neck to move away from the knife, which she noticed, but he apparently didn't, because he didn't move the knife with her, looking down as his throbbing cock slid in and out of of dripping pussy.

Unsurprisingly, as his breathing got heavier behind his mask, heavy enough for her to hear, she soon felt a warmth filling her as he began to cum, shooting his load deep into her vagina. Slowing to a stop, he slid his cock completely after her, holding it in his free hand, still looking down. She wonder if he was amazed that he'd just done that, had just cum inside of a woman. Had she just taken Michael Myers' virginity? The thought almost caused her to giggle, but she bit her lip until the moment passed. She didn't imagine that he'd

take her laughing at him too well.

Looking back up at her finally, he seemed to remember that she was there at all and he pushed the knife towards her throat again, simultaneously reaching forward with his free hand, placing it on her chest and forcing her back until her head was against the wall.

"You don't have to do this!" she pleaded through fresh tears of terror. "I'm trying to cooperate with you!"

Still holding her back, he stared at her for a moment longer before grabbing one of her arms and pulling her forward, off of the counter, continuing to hold the knife on her. With his hand still on her arm, he then forced her to turn around, nudging one of his boots against her legs to indicate that he wanted her to spread them. Unexpectedly, he then removed the knife from her throat, not replacing it with his free hand either, though he did use his hand to bend her forward a bit. Was he afraid that he might prematurely kill her in that position or was he starting to trust her slightly? She highly doubted that it was the latter. Why would he trust her? Sure, she indeed was cooperating, but it was difficult not to when he kept a knife at her throat. She supposed that there wasn't much she could do from the position he had her in anyway. He pretty much had her pinned against the counter and there wasn't anything she could reach for that would make an effective weapon.

She felt him trying to slide his hard cock back into her pussy. She wasn't surprised that he was still hard. Who wouldn't be after going as long as he had without ever having sex? Eventually, he managed to get his cock back inside of her and he picked up where he left off, getting back into his rhythm, shoving his cock as far as it could go into her. She hoped that he would at least last longer that time, as the pleasure that he was causing her made her again forget about the fear he'd sent through her just moments before. She wanted him to make her cum. And she wanted to rub at her clit, but she felt like that might be pushing it with him. She didn't want a knife in her vagina or anywhere else simply because she wanted to please herself further. It wasn't worth it. She did take the risk of letting out a moan though, almost unable to hold it in any longer anyway. When her face wasn't smashed into the counter top or anything like that, she figured that he either didn't notice or didn't care, as before. She even closed her eyes as he continued pounding his cock into her, letting more moans slip out, her pussy juices dripping all over his cock.

She could hear his breathing getting heavier again and then, suddenly, he slammed his knife down, not into her back, but into the counter, the blade stabbing into the wood. Her eyes snapped wide open and she let out a small scream of fright when he did, but when she figured out what had happened, she soon lost herself in pleasure again, her eyes once more slipping closed. With both hands free, he grabbed her hips and started thrusting even hard into her, causing her to moan even louder, her hands gripping the edge of the counter tightly. He then began to cum again, more of his seed pumping into her vagina, and the feeling was enough to send her over the edge, to send her into her own orgasm. Her vaginal muscles got tight around his cock as she came, squeezing out the last drops of his cum in the process.

When her pussy loosened again, his cock slid back out. Cautiously,

she turned around to face him, feeling both of his warm loads begin to ooze from her pussy lips. She almost wanted to congratulate him on making her cum. That, she was certain, was a first for him. Somehow though, it seemed inappropriate to thank someone after they forcefully fuck you at knife point. Still, she wanted more and by the look at his still hard cock, so did he. His breathing had softened and he just stood there, not grabbing her again, not grabbing his knife again. Had cumming twice like that broken him of his evil ways? If he'd had sex long ago, could all over those murders had been avoided?

Almost as if he could hear her thoughts, he broke out of his trance and reached for his knife again, ripping it out of the counter and placing it back against her throat, his other hand on her forehead to keep her head still. Was that it then? He'd cum and now it was her time to bleed? It seemed like a deadly version of fucking and running. What a way to die too: naked with cum leaking out of her vagina. It felt rather embarrassing, even the thought of her corpse being discovered like that. Would the authorities be able to tell that she hardly put up any kind of fight against him and that he came in her twice, causing her to cum too? She was pretty sure most rapes didn't go that way. Nor did they go the way that had just entered her mind.

"Michael," she said, hoping to get him to listen to her.
"Michael!"

He seemed to pause the second time she said his name, the pressure of the hand on her forehead lightening slightly.

"Didn't you enjoy that?" she asked. "Didn't you enjoy what you did to me? Don't you want more of it?"

He remained motionless, like a deer caught in headlights by her words. She had no idea if that was a good sign or not. He was probably either wondering what she was about to offer or letting her have her last words before death.

"If you'll allow me to, I'll introduce you to something that I bet you've never considered before," she then said, trying to give him a seductive smile, which wasn't very easy with the knife at her throat. "Do you trust me enough to give it a try?"

Still trying to smile, she waited to see how he'd respond. She wasn't trying to trick him. She really did have an idea, but she'd need her lube before she could show him. Her smile began to falter as he continued just standing there, as if in a state of catatonia, when he suddenly removed both his knife and free hand from her, allowing her to stand up straight again. In an attempt to maintain his trust, if it could be called that, she raised both of her hands into the air where he could clearly see them. Moving slowly, she then started to back away, moving towards her room. Almost like a robot, he followed her, walking at the same speed as her so as to keep the same distance between them, his knife raised slightly, as if to remind her that he was still in charge. As if she needed any reminder of that fact.

Reaching her room, she turned the knob to open the door and pushed it wide open. As she stepped into the room, he stopped in the doorway, still continuing to watch her, slowly turning his head to follow her.

Carefully, she reached down and opened the drawer of her nightstand with one hand. Right inside were two things: her lube and her handgun. Briefly, she considered going for her handgun. She wasn't a bad shot and she figured she'd be able to fire at least a few rounds before he could react. Would it be enough though? On Halloween, way back in 1978, Michael Myers had been shot six times in the chest, the force of the bullets strong enough to knock him backwards off of the second floor balcony of a house to the yard below and he still managed to get back up to follow his sister to the hospital where he would terrorize her further. Besides, she wasn't sure she really wanted to shoot him. After the way he'd controlled her, the way he'd used her, she found herself thinking more about that and less about the danger she might be in. The only thing she really wanted to do any shooting was his cock.

Picking up the lube and shutting the drawer, forgetting about the handgun, she returned to him, holding the lube out so that he could see what it was, though she doubted that he realized what she intended to do with it. Squirting some out into one of her hands, she then rubbed her hands together before grasping his cock with both of them. Squeezing, she slowly pumped at his cock, coating it with the lube. She looked up at him and saw that he was looking down at what she was doing to him. He showed no sign of enjoyment, other than his cock remaining hard in her hands, though since he hadn't taken a stab at her with his knife as she worked, she figured that he wasn't hating it either. Removing one hand from his cock, she used some of the lube still on her hand to spread around her ass. She then released his cock entirely and motioned towards her bed.

"I want you to lay down," she said. "I promise, you're going to like this."

He had looked at the bed, but he wasn't making any movement towards it. That didn't surprise her and she was about to just bend over on the bed to allow him to have control again when he slowly walked towards the bed, laying down, knife in one hand still and gleaming cock sticking straight up into the air. Quickly kicking off her shoes and removing the remains of her bra, she then moved just as slowly as he had, climbing onto the bed with him, straddling his crotch, her round butt facing him. Taking a hold of his cock with one hand, she guided it towards her eager asshole, using her free hand to spread her butt some to make it easier. The thick, round head of his slippery cock pressed against her closed hole, the hole slowly opening, eventually allowing the head of his cock inside. She gasped from the sudden entrance of it, her hole stretched tightly around the shaft of his cock. She let it sit for a moment, getting used to the feel of his large cock.

Despite the strange comfort she'd grown to feel with him in their short time together, it still scared her to think of what he might do if things went wrong. What he might do if he ended up not enjoying his cock stuffed inside her asshole. It was hard to imagine any normal man not enjoying a woman sitting on top of them with their cock in her ass, but with Michael Myers, you just never knew. She wouldn't be surprised if he enjoyed it and still lashed out at her in some way afterward. That knowledge didn't scare her so much, not as much as not knowing how far he'd go to cause her a painful death. She supposed that in a way, she was hoping to please him enough that he wouldn't want her dead when they were done. To break him of his habit of killing everyone he came across. To perhaps cause him to realize

that not everyone was against him and that he could enjoy things as normal people did, at least some things, such as sex.

As his cock slid a little further into her ass, about halfway in at that point, she squeezed her asshole around it, the increased tightness making his cock feel even bigger inside of her. She could feel a pulse when she squeezed, holding it for several seconds and rubbing at her clit, before releasing it and allowing more of his cock to slide into her, causing her to feel even fuller. Continuing to rub her clit, she lowered herself further, his cock finally completely inside of her ass. Letting his hard cock just sit inside of her, she squeezed it with her asshole again, her breathing getting heavier as moans slipped out. She couldn't help herself from playing with her clit more, rubbing faster, until she began to cum again, rocking herself on top of his cock as her body tensed up.

For those few moments of bliss, she almost forgot that she was even with a mass murderer. That she was riding the cock of someone who could very easily give her an amount of pain more than equal to the amount of pleasure she was currently feeling. It was funny really, that fine line between pleasure and pain. That line that sometimes even blurred, depending on your personal tastes. That line that could easily be crossed, especially by someone like Michael Myers. Someone like him could cross it and perhaps not even realize that they had. It all just added to what made him both scary and exciting to be with, the reasoning behind both factors being very similar.

Her orgasm ending, she began to slowly lift her ass off of his cock, the lube allowing it to smoothly slide partially out of her hole, only to lower herself again, his meat making her feel very full. She repeated the movement, picking up speed each time. She rubbed at her clit more, knowing it wouldn't be long before she'd be able to cum again, and she had a feeling that he was about to cum again too. His breathing was getting heavier behind his mask again. She considering asking him to play with her clit himself or her tits, but he still had his knife in one hand and though he was clearly skilled with it, having it on her skin during sex, whether it was her throat or her tits, was still frightening.

She was bouncing steadily on his cock at that point, her eyes closed, her pussy juices flowing, dripping from her fingertips. She had begun to alternate rubbing her clit and slipping a couple of fingers into her pussy, curling her fingers upwards to her g-spot. Bouncing faster, harder, and working her fingers faster, she was almost there and then he started cumming again, his hot load flooding her bowels. Then she started cumming again, rubbing her clit even faster, moaning loudly as she came even harder than before, her hot liquid actually shooting out of her pussy, landing on the bed in front of her. And then it was over. Her breathing slowed and her bouncing slowed. She pulled herself off of his cock, her asshole feeling empty afterward. She collapsed next to him on the bed, careful not to touch him. She could see that his cock was finally beginning to lose its hardness. He didn't move at all. She could barely tell that he was even breathing.

She could see through the window that it had become night outside. If she wanted, she could still make it to the party. She didn't really want to though. Sex with Michael Myers had worn her out. As she began to slip into sleep, she saw him finally move again, sitting up, knife in hand, the blade gleaming in the moonlight shining in through a

small opening in the window's curtain. She had one last thought before drifting off completely: would he still be there when she woke up, if she woke up at all?

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